THE PULITZER PRIZES OF 1941

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The Saturday Review of Literature

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"MEN AND POLITICS"
By Louis Fischer
Reviewed by Maurice Hindus

PERSPECTIVES AND ARCHAEOLOGY
By Louis J. Halle, Jr.

"THE BRANDYWINE"
By Henry Seidel Canby
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"THE MANAGERIAL REVOLUTION"
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FIVE BOOKS ON ENGLAND
Reviewed by Cecil Roberts

"THE SOONG SISTERS"
By Emily Hahn
Reviewed by Florence Ayscough

"A GREAT EXPERIMENT"
An Autobiography by Viscount Cecil
Reviewed by James F. Green

LOUIS FISCHER cared so little for personal adventure that he could give himself unreservedly to the adventure of history . . . *(See page 5)*

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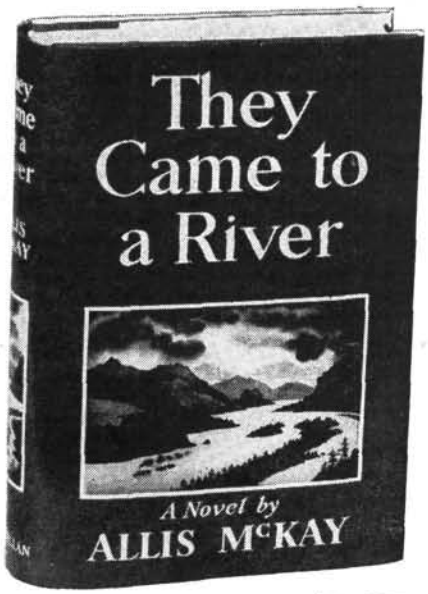

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The Saturday Review of Literature

Perspectives and Archaeology

LOUIS J. HALLE, JR.

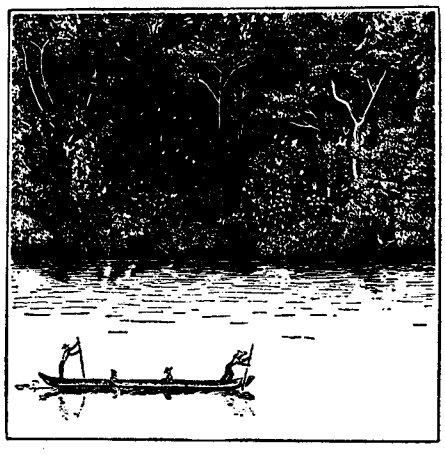
THE archaeologist who delves into the remains of a distant past holds at least one advantage over the writer in examining the present; the very fact that he stands so far off from his own times gives him a unique platform for a detached and comprehensive range of vision. Many writers and observers must, for the most part, regard day-to-day developments that fill their horizons as things intrinsically new and peculiar to their own environment; the archaeologist, contemplating the same developments, can hardly avoid feeling that all this has happened before.

Two of us, in the role of amateur archaeologists, seeking this vantage point for a view of our own civilization, recently visited the home of another civilization, now dead, in the tropical wilderness that lies, roughly, about the base of the Yucatan peninsula in Central America. This country, once the center of the great Mayan civilization, a cultivated land of farms and cities, is today one of the wildest regions in our hemisphere. Large areas of it are unknown and highly impenetrable. Contained in this wilderness, which guards them like the forest of thorns surrounding the sleeping beauty, are huge cities of stone, inhabited only by bats and birds and monkeys, but displaying to the eyes of such occasional adventurers as ourselves who pry into them, if they are known at all, examples of sculpture and architecture that rank with the world's greatest. Though the land appears virgin today, the archaeologist—even though he be an amateur—who pokes among roots and fallen leaves, finds everywhere the magnificent remains of a civilization that once flourished like ours, that has now been dead and abandoned for a millenium.

We found it a quick jump by airplane from this land of ruins back to the city of New York. But from a civilization dead a thousand years to our own ailing present is, nevertheless, an incalculable jump in time. It presents extraordinary possibilities to the mind. For one might, by identifying the history of our own civilization with that of its predecessor, look upon it perhaps as a return to our present from a journey into our own future. Do these ruins, encompassed by an almost impenetrable vegetation, represent the conclusion of all human civilizations, the grinning skull of our common mortality? Must we reconcile ourselves to this as our predestined end?

The world of the twentieth century finds itself increasingly concerned with the question of why civilizations as once strongly established as this ever fall. The great Middle American civilization was doing very well, it appears, when something happened and it succumbed. Again, Rome flourished, something happened, Rome fell. We ourselves have prospered on a scale beyond that of any of our predecessors. And now, what is happening to us? . . . What idiotic statesman commits the fatal blunder in each case, what diabolic villain strikes the fatal blow, what incompetent soldier leaves open the gate? Who is the man or men, what is the deed, the event? . . .

Perhaps the mistake we make, in even asking such questions, is to regard a civilization as something constructed and maintained mechanically, an instrument without life or soul of its own, an intricate machine to be worked by pulling the proper levers and switches. We have come to think of this ancient and faltering civilization of our own exclusively in terms of technique: economic relationships, centralization of responsibility, division of functions, production and distribution. . . . So, when we do not prosper, it is natural for us to ask what wrong lever was pulled, who threw the wrong switch.



Drawing by the author from "River of Ruins," shortly to be published.

BUT great civilizations have all arisen, in the first instance, not as conveniences but as expressions of the soul of a people, as the outward embodiments of men's spiritual aspirations. If our civilization today is a mere machine for feeding, clothing, and housing us, its attendants mere technicians, it was not always so. The men who founded it, like those who founded the Mayan, were men who had been granted a revelation, men who were powerfully moved by a vocation to build as they did. Creatures with the bodies of animals, exposed to an omnipotent nature that was no respecter of species, these men yet discovered within themselves the presence of an immortal soul that lifted them above the animal kingdom. They saw the vision of a possible perfection; they conceived of divinity and recognized their own kinship to it. The aspiration toward godhead, the irresistible urgency to realize and express the inner nobility of which they had become aware, moved them to transcend their animal selves by building a civilization worthy of their newly found dignity. Like the early Greeks who kept their eyes fixed on the heights of Olympus, the men of the pristine Middle Ages strove to emulate the living God who had, according to their tradition, sacrificed Himself upon the cross to redeem them from the toils of original sin. When men discovered they had souls, they became builders. They strove to be relieved of their animal past, the evil that they knew as original sin. The Gothic cathedrals, the Homeric epics, the temples of Tikal in Guatemala, are the expressions of the new-born soul striving to rise above the body and free itself.

These early expressions of civilization came from men who were humble and frightened, aware of their own helplessness before the clashing forces

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of the universe around them. Nature was very large, in those early days, and man very small. It has been said, however, that the whole of life is but a process of dying, and perhaps it is also true in the history of civilizations. The original incentive, the great surge of spirituality, is consumed in its own expression. The God-fearing man builds the temple to his deity, as an offering, and then is so pleased with his work and so encouraged by his success that he adopts it as a citadel for his own abode. Versailles and Palenque arise as successors to Amiens and Tikal.

After the Gothic man, in each of these civilizations, comes the man of the Renaissance, the prophet of humanism, the conquistador. The Gothic man, humbling himself, fearing nature and nature's god, obsessed by the thought of death, had striven for the immortality of his soul. The man of the Renaissance, master of all he surveys and obsessed by his own surging life, has almost forgotten that men die. His kingdom is of this earth, his wealth is here and now. Less concerned with the expression of spirituality, he strives now to display his own worldly greatness. As an artist he becomes conscious of his own individuality, his technical mastery, and his esthetic sensibility. As a statesman he becomes contentious. Personal fame is important. The Gothic techniques of construction had been evolved in response to the compelling needs of the spirit. But in the Renaissance technique increasingly becomes an end in itself. The spiritual unity that had given all men a common aim, based on their common aspiration, breaks down; individuals and states begin to glory in their own power, their own beauty, their own technical proficiency. The universal religion on which the brotherhood of man was founded becomes a conglomeration of separate creeds differing on technical points. Nations arise from the common body of the civilization to rival each other in power and glory. Men who had once been appalled and frightened by the world of nature, who had humbled themselves and made sacrifices before it, now regard themselves as its masters and see no limits to what their mastery may achieve. Nature remains only to be plundered. For man has at last become the conqueror, and he sends his ships abroad upon the sea to find new fields for conquest. The aspiration to godhead has been realized, the kingdom of heaven is here on earth.

Civilizations are not laid out or constructed, they grow. Like organisms, they seem to be subject to all the laws of organic growth and decay. Once the fresh life-force has expended itself in growth, once all the possibilities that were inherent in the seed have been realized, decay sets in. When men, having achieved the spiritual expression for which they struggled, no longer reach upward, they begin to sink back toward their origins. They become impatient of self-discipline and sacrifice. They forget the menace of a nature that continues to exist beyond the walls of their civilization, the omnipresence of death, and in their greed they neglect the duties imposed by their original vocation. At last they come to think only in terms of their rights as lords of creation. It is not just, in their eyes, that the masters of nature should go hungry, that they should be exposed to heat and cold, that they should suffer any abridgement of their pleasures and comforts. The secularization of a civilization, which marks the attainment of its growth, is invariably followed by an abandonment of all but material considerations. The "standard of living" is all that counts.

IN the age of materialism that precedes the downfall of every civilization, all the traditional ethical and spiritual considerations are scrapped so that men may compete ruthlessly for the goods of the earth. Philosophers, scientists, artists, poets, turn to nihilism; they deny the teachings of religion, they deny man a soul, they deny him all but his biological and economic needs; destroying the very foundation of civilization, they insist that man be regarded as merely an animal. By proclaiming their disillusionment they free themselves to live their lives as they like, by opening the door of cynicism they release the dogs of unbridled competition. Man becomes an economic animal controlled by greed.

The humble man who lived in the forests, feeling his own helplessness, exposed to the gigantic and inhuman power of nature displayed all about him, the man who first recognized that he had a soul, was in no position to deny his fate. He thought in terms of doom. But the man who lives in a great city, sheltered above and below and on all sides from the elements, the man who governs the temperature of the air that surrounds him, buys his food with paper money over a counter, relies on the police to protect him and on the government to feed him if necessary, that man has lost his knowledge of the real world in which he lives and which his primitive ancestor knew so well. He is as insulated from reality as if he had been born into an incubator and was passing his life in it for safety's sake. Nature has no place in his scheme of things. God need not be invoked when the solution to all problems rests in legislative action. Such a man, zealous in the

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Odyssey inside a Cauldron

MEN AND POLITICS. By Louis Fischer. New York: Duell, Sloan & Pearce. 1941. 657 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by MAURICE HINDUS

THIS is an exciting and important book, one of the most important that any foreign correspondent has written. No other book that I have read gives so intimate, fullbodied, and memorable a picture of Europe in the last twenty years—a picture not only of political events and movements, but of leaders and peoples, of intrigues and hopes, of triumphs and disillusionments. Country after country passes in review—England, France, Germany, Poland, Russia, Spain, Italy, Palestine—alone, in its relations to neighbors, to all mankind; and so bold and vivid is the presentation that on finishing the book the reader feels as though he had been not only an eyewitness but a living part of the most momentous drama of our time.

Though labelled as autobiography, Fischer's book is only incidentally that. Fischer is neither a Negley Farson nor a Vincent Sheean, has neither the zest for adventurous living of the one nor the gift of emotional self-analysis of the other. He would shy from personal drama as something of a nuisance. Born in Philadelphia, he went to school there, fought with the British army in the Near East during the First World War, became a free-lance writer, learned German, French, and Russian, lived most of a period of twenty years in all parts of Europe, chiefly in Russia—and after 1936 in Spain—married a Russian girl who had been private secretary to Chicherin, one time Soviet Commissar of Foreign Affairs, seldom earned enough money to support his family, and has two sons of high school age. And that's about all there is to his personal history.

His disillusionment with Russia will evoke endless comment, for up to 1936, roughly the beginning of the purge, no foreign correspondent outside of the ranks of the Communist Party had so consistently supported Soviet policies. "I was pro-Soviet," he writes, "despite the dictatorship . . . but I always looked forward to the growth of democracy at the expense of the dictatorship." When after the adoption of the Constitution the purge had burst on the land, Fischer was heartbroken; nearly all his best friends had disappeared. His chapter on that event is one of the saddest and most moving in the book. Incidentally, he doesn't believe that all the men who had made impassioned public confessions of their sins, have been executed. They are alive, he thinks, somewhere in the vast wildernesses of Russia.

The basic cause of the purge he explains in one sentence: "The Bolsheviks regard checks and balances as time wasters." Hence the individual dictatorship. Yet bitter as he is, especially against Stalin whom he accuses of perverting the original aims of the Revolution and of starting the war—Fischer believes the Soviet-Nazi non-aggression pact to be the immediate precipitant—he has nothing but scorn for those who see in Sovietism only a copy of nazism or vice-versa. One of the incidental merits of the book is the incisiveness and the clarity with which he explains the manifold differences and irreconcilable antagonisms of the two.

Fischer knew more Soviet leaders than any other foreigner; many of them were his close personal friends. For the first time he tells us what kind of human beings they were. The pen portraits of Karahan, Radek, Rakovsky, Litvinov, Buharin, Krestinsky, and many others are as brilliant as they are informing. Particularly impressive is the portrait of Chicherin, one of the strangest personages on the Soviet scene. Aristocrat turned Bolshevik, he remained at heart a poet and a musician. As Commissar of Foreign Affairs he wrote diplomatic notes which were often literary gems, and though one of the most popular figures in the country, he remained to the end one of the loneliest souls in the world.

But Russia is only a small part of the book. Of Spain Fischer writes with no less passion and heartbreak, for he had seen the Revolution rise up in blood and go down in blood. Only slightly less effective are his accounts of the other countries of Europe, though the picture of pre-Hitler Germany is a masterpiece of dramatic condensation.

The book is studded with magnificent pen portraits. Foreign correspondents, diplomats, tourists, quacks, Fascists, Nazis, authors, artists—Fischer has known hosts of them all over Europe and here they are in the flesh and in the spirit. He makes no secret of his antipathies and admirations. He is as icy and biting with Joe Kennedy, William Bullitt, and the late Lord Lothian as he is warm and respectful, almost reverential, with Claude G. Bowers, former American Ambassador to Spain, William Dodd, the late Ambassador to Germany, and Winston Churchill.

Of Churchill he writes, "The upper half of his face is intellect, the lower half British bulldog." Of Laval he says, "He has the face of a French provincial butcher. It is the face of a man who trusts no one and would be surprised if anyone trusted him." The book bristles with sharply worded characterizations.

Readers of Vincent Sheean's "Personal History" will find here fresh material about Rayna Prohme and a description of her funeral in Moscow attended by foreign correspondents and by Madams Sun Yat-sen and Dorothy Thompson which is most beautiful and noblest bit of prose that Fischer has ever written.

It is impossible in a brief review to enumerate all the virtues of so monumental a book. It is one of the most moving and valuable documents of our time and makes exciting reading from beginning to the end.

Photo, Metropole

Louis Fischer (center) with Maxim Litvinov (left) and Ambassador del Vayo in Geneva, September 1938.

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PULITZER PRIZES OF 1941

PRESS day of *The Saturday Review* is Monday. Forms are usually closed Saturday or Monday morning. Each year, the Pulitzer Prize announcements are made on Monday afternoon or Monday evening. In order to publish a coverage of the announcement, without delaying press time more than a few hours, it is necessary for the editors to do a little speculation on the identity of the leading candidates. Armed with a bundle of photographs and biographical data, they arrive at the printer, await the official announcement, and then go through their material for the preparation of copy and comment.

This system, despite the drawbacks imposed by haste, has worked out fairly well—if only from a mechanical point of view; that is, up until this year. But this year the system broke down. It is not so much that we were caught flat-footed by the announcements that was responsible for the breakdown as it was our difficulty to prepare a likely Pulitzer Prize advance bundle. Ordinarily, there are a few literary skyscrapers in each field commanding leading attention; scanning the literary horizon for the last year, we were impressed not only by a comparative lack of skyscrapers, but by the comparatively even level of the landscape. There were dozens of candidates in each field but few sparkling standouts which were eligible and seemed to meet the Pulitzer Prize traditions and requirements. "For Whom the Bells Toll"—from a standpoint of public popularity at least—was the big book of the year. Yet two factors seemed to militate against its selection; first, the theme did not deal with an American subject; second, the text and treatment seemed a little stronger than previous selections. Kenneth Roberts's "Oliver Wiswell," next in line in popularity, seemed perhaps too heavy on the debunking side in its dramatization of the American Revolution to become a harmonious addition to the many constructive and brighter-side works on the Pulitzer companion list in history. Thomas Wolfe's "You Can't Go Home Again," did not seem too strong a contender because the Committee had already passed up both "Look, Homeward Angel" and "The Web and the Rock."

Once we looked past these three books, the rest of the field in fiction seemed both vast and diffuse. In history, eligibility and special circumstances seemed to eliminate most of the favored titles. Van Wyck Brooks's "New England: Indian Summer" seemed a reasonable choice, but Mr. Brooks had already won the award for the previous volume in his series of American literary history, and it appeared doubtful whether he might repeat. For a similar reason, it seemed that Allan Nevins, who already had won two Pulitzer awards, might be out of the running in biography with his "John D. Rockefeller, The Heroic Age of American Enterprise." In poetry, Robinson Jeffers, Leonard Bacon, Kenneth Fearing, Robert Nathan, William Rose Benét, Jean Starr Untermeyer, Ogden Nash, and Conrad Aiken all seemed likely candidates. What yardstick would determine superiority for any one over all the others seemed a delicate question.

This general uncertainty over the identity of the probable winners was also reflected in the *SRL* balloting of the nation's book reviewers, who, as a group, presented less agreement than in any of the four years in which they were polled.

In circumstances such as these, we were unprepared in one sense but prepared in another for the present Pulitzer Prize list. We were unprepared as prognosticators, but prepared in the sense that we did not expect the actual selections to consist of clear-cut fav-

(*Continued on page* 19)

Our Time

By Leonard Bacon

NOT in our time, America light-hearted.
Shall you smile at the sun.
Not in our time, for glory is departed.
That day is done.

Where is the spirit that is not convulsed
With bitterness of hate?
The burning blood that in the hot vein pulsed
Runs cold of late.

Toss off your cocktails at the Beach-club bar!
Dive in the breaking wave!
Next year you will not do these things. They are
Not for the brave.

For brave we must be, past all heroism
That we as yet have dared,
Against "raw horror and the blank Abysm
Of Death," prepared.

But Death may give protection sacrosanct.
How ran the poet's cry?
"That no man lives for ever." God be thanked
That gangsters die.

But even if we see them underground,
We shall not make much mirth,
Having profoundly known the too profound
Grief of the Earth.

Yet in harsh times we must renew the gentle
And burnish bright the soul
With courage, vivid and unsentimental,
And self-control,

Count on true things, on wisdom and on loyalty,
From servitude of strife
Win for our spirits liberty and royalty
Of Death and Life.

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Pulitzer Prizes of 1941

FICTION: NO AWARD.
HISTORY: "THE AMERICAN MIGRATION."
BIOGRAPHY: "JONATHAN EDWARDS."
POETRY: "SUNDERLAND CAPTURE."
DRAMA: "THERE SHALL BE NO NIGHT."

FOLLOWING are brief biographies of authors whose works have been awarded the literary prizes in the 1941 selections of the Pulitzer Committees. Only four categories are listed: poetry, biography, history, and drama. No title was selected in fiction for the third time in the history of the awards.

Poetry

The Saturday Review takes particular delight in the award of the Pulitzer Prize for Poetry to Leonard Bacon who throughout the seventeen years of the existence of this magazine has been one of its most constant and valued contributors. Born in Solvay, N. Y., on May 26, 1887, and educated at St. George's School, Newport, and Yale University, Mr. Bacon has carried on the tradition of a family which has contributed a long line of men of distinction to the nation. For some thirteen years after his graduation from college he taught English in the University of California, resigning his post there in 1923 to make his home once more in the East and to devote himself to writing. Since that time there has come from his vigorous pen some of the most noteworthy poetry of recent years, a long succession of reviews whose lively style has carried their erudition with verve, and an autobiography, "Semi-Centennial." In that volume of reminiscences, subdued to the soberer manner of print, the wit, the learning, and the nimbleness of mind which make Mr. Bacon's conversation the delight of his acquaintance are turned on the literature and men of his day in brilliant fashion. He is the man of letters in the truest sense of the words.

Leonard Bacon

Drama

With the award of the Pulitzer Prize for drama to his "There Shall Be No Night," Robert Emmet Sherwood becomes for the third time the winner of that honor. There will, however, doubtless be none to cavil at its bestowal, for his eloquent play has won general recognition as one of the most moving and inspiring commentaries on the Nazi terror and the courage that opposes it. Born in New Rochelle, N. Y., on April 4, 1896, Robert Sherwood went to Harvard University, breaking into his college career in 1917 to enlist in the Black Watch, of the Canadian Expeditionary Force. Back again in civilian life, after the conclusion of the conflict, he served as dramatic editor of *Vanity Fair* from 1919-1920. He was associate editor of the old *Life* from 1920-1924, and editor from 1924-1928. He was also motion picture editor of *Life* and of the *New York Herald*. Among Mr. Sherwood's plays, all of which have been widely popular, are "The Road to Rome," "Waterloo Bridge," "Reunion in Vienna," "The Petrified Forest," and "Abe Lincoln in Illinois."

Biography

Ola Elizabeth Winslow, whose life of Jonathan Edwards carried off the Pulitzer award for biography, won that accolade as the result of years of industrious research. A member of the department of history at Goucher College, her leisure for many years has gone into the studies which have flowered in this book. Miss Winslow, in writing it, had at her disposal the rich cache of Jonathan Edwards's papers which constitute one of the treasures of the Yale University Library. Her explorations in these and other original sources have resulted in a biography which is at once a penetrating psychological interpretation and a valuable contribution to history.

Robert Sherwood

History

Marcus Lee Hansen, on whose "The Atlantic Migration" the Pulitzer Prize for History has been posthumously bestowed, was born at Neenah, Wis., on December 8, 1892. The son of a Baptist minister whose duties took him from one town to another, Mr. Hansen led a migratory youth. He was graduated in 1916 from the University of Iowa, and then went to Harvard as a graduate student in history, working under Turner, whose theories of the frontier were causing a sensation in American historical circles. After a brief period as assistant professor of history at Smith College, Mr. Hansen went abroad on a fellowship of the American Council of Learned Societies to make special studies in the field of immigration. It was on the basis of his calculations as to the percentage of foreign blood of various nationalities in the United States prior to the period when census figures were available that the quotas later used by the Government in drawing up the immigration laws were based. In 1928 Mr. Hansen went to the University of Illinois as professor of history, a post which he held until his death on May 11, 1938.

Marcus Lee Hansen

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Magical Stream

THE BRANDYWINE. By Henry Seidel Canby. New York: Farrar & Rinehart. 1941. 285 *pp. and index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by JOSEPH HERGESHEIMER

THE Brandywine is a stream that flows out of Dr. Canby's memory across the green threshold of my daily existence. We can be said to know the Brandywine. It is safe with us—a stream that reflects the tranquil image of an unhurried and rustic past. Nothing whatever has changed a simplicity resembling the intangible reality of a dream. Once, too, the surrounding countryside was rustic and its people, in the pleasant antique sense, boors. Slow-moving men at the plough with a speech colored by saws of the weather and georgic spells. Ample women in calico who bore children one day and churned sweet butter on the next. That pastoral America, when even politics had an era of good feeling, has gone, but the Brandywine remains a murmurous dreamery among bluebells and water meadows.

Its enchantment pervades Dr. Canby and the drawings Andrew Wyeth made for his book. I have never seen drawings more fragrant with imminent loveliness. That might be charged to partiality, since I have known Andrew, an ominous child, from his earliest childhood; yet I can only repeat a conviction that graphically the magic of a long-inhabited land was never better expressed. Prose is more ambiguous. It is impossible for prose to keep intact the artless clarity of elementary feelings. The sustained beauty of a stream, a flowing and diversified unity, is beyond words.

Drawing by Andrew Wyeth

The Fight at Rocky Hill Ford, Sept. 11, 1777.

For that reason Dr. Canby's account of the Brandywine, east and west, leans occasionally on extrinsic fact. The "courtly" du Ponts occupy a social, diplomatic, and financial chapter that merely interrupts the book's deeper genesis and subject. This is, mainly technical; it is concerned with the illusive association of words; majorities of stock, bottleneck, price fixing, and cellophane are not phrases that recreate the seasons of life on a mirror of brimming water.

It would be gammon to call the Battle of the Brandywine a fact extrinsic to that stream; the Brandywine has no other historical significance; yet the region of Washington's defeat is obscure in a review of subsequent military controversies. It has not been transformed by a metabolism of the imagination into Dr. Canby's own substance. I am, unhappily, familiar with historical sources and the peddlers of bare fact. Too many of my pages are burdened by the dullness of inappropriate scholarship. Libraries are not the source of melody and rivers.

All this Dr. Canby plainly comprehends—the Brandywine is safe with him. Its singular grace, to remain constant in men's affection, fills the coda of his present work. The evidence of his attachment is always visible in sharp and moving images: early millers trying to save their races in floodtime; a maple rippling the current with its branches and submerged sycamore furnishing a hiding place for fish instead of birds; a barley mill dam frozen solid and seemingly all the world on skates—girls with bright-streaming mufflers and boys knocking wooden blocks over the ice; a laden shallop leaving the Brandywine for a Carolina plantation's long wharf; red Swedish cattle on the meadowlands; Lenni, Nanticoke, and Minquas Incians black from ceremonial paint; the log cabins Scandinavia brought to America; the first Conestoga wagons hauling Brandywine grain; William Cobbett at Quaker Hill and Pierre Bauduy, from Santo Domingo, the proprietor of Robert Morris's Eden Hall; Alexander Hamilton Rowann, a fabulous Irishman, selling birch beer out of a barrow on Wilmington streets; iron furnaces, Rebecca and Isabella, along the upper Brandywine and Mary Ann forge driven by its east branch.

Yesterday afternoon I left Dr. Canby's book for the Brandywine itself and soon, in a green and tender April light, the book and stream merged one into the other. The pages, the sliding water, lost their material differences; together they enveloped me in the magical peace of a time gone forever from living men, that simpler husbandry we missed.

Your Literary I. Q.

By Howard Collins

AND SO THEY WERE MARRIED . . .

And some lived happily ever after, and some didn't. But that's not the point of this week's quiz. All you have to do is to name the well-known heroes of fiction whom the women listed below married. Allowing 5 points for each husband correctly named, a score of 60 is par, 70 is good, 80 or better is excellent. Answers are on page 15.

1. Juliet Capulet.
2. Dora Spenlow.
3. Cunegonde.
4. Yum-Yum.
5. Sophia Western.
6. Darthea Peniston.
7. Dinah Morris.
8. Dinah Shadd.
9. Dorothy Manners.
10. Mary Morstan.
11. Ursula March.
12. Aouda.
13. Leora Tozer.
14. Annie Lee.
15. Helen McGill.
16. Harriet Vane.
17. Dolores de la Fuente.
18. Jane Porter.
19. Hilda Lessways.
20. Melanie Hamilton.

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The Rulers of Tomorrow

THE MANAGERIAL REVOLUTION. By James Burnham. New York: John Day Company. 1941. 285 *pp.* $2.50.

Reviewed by PETER DRUCKER

MR. BURNHAM, in this highly provocative and worthwhile book, sees the central fact of our present social and political situation in the divorce of management-control and legal ownership in the modern big business corporation. This divorce has given economic and social control to a small group of professional managers who owe their power to professional acumen, administrative ability, and promotion from inside rather than to stock ownership and legal control. It is, moreover, creating a new ruling class and is disenfranchising the old ruling class of capitalists.

Mr. Burnham shows how far this divorce has already gone; he is convinced that it represents an irresistible trend and that the managers will be tomorrow the real rulers—if they are not the rulers already now. It is a change in the basic techno-economic structure of society which will enforce a complete change of the social and political system upon all industrial countries of the world. Hitler, Stalin—and also the New Deal—are wittingly or unwittingly only the "front" for this new ruling class and its power. The present world war, the new systems in Europe, are only the external signs of this "Managerial Revolution" which will proceed inescapably to the expropriation of all private industrial property by a state acting as the executive organ of the new managerial rulers. Mr. Burnham is convinced that at least in its first stages this new society must be totalitarian, just as the new society of bourgeois capitalism was in its inception in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. This does not rule out the possibility that later on, when the new society has become sufficiently stabilized, it will be able to introduce some features of popular government and individual freedom which apparently seem to Mr. Burnham to be luxuries affordable only by the rich and the strong.

It is certainly true that the divorce of management and legal ownership is one of the basic and most important facts in modern industrial society. It is also true that it poses a great many vital political problems. After all, the justification of control, *i.e.*, of political and social power over the productive machinery, by the legal title of ownership, has been one of the great principles of modern society since Locke and Hume. The separation of the two—even though by no means complete—necessarily compels a revaluation of inherited traditional concepts—those of capitalism as well as those of socialism—and a reconsideration of the relationship between society and the rights of private property.

Mr. Burnham is not the first writer to draw attention to this development. Yet he has done a real service by showing the fundamental importance of this development. And it would be hardly possible to dismiss this book except after a careful examination of its basic premises. Even less permissible would it be to shrug it off as another "Wave of the Future" contribution. It is far too serious for that; and it is far too obvious that Mr. Burnham sincerely disapproves of a trend which nevertheless he considers inevitable.

In Mr. Burnham's argument there is one contradiction which weakens his conclusions. Mr. Burnham believes it to be inevitable that private ownership of the means of industrial production will disappear. On his own argument there is no reason why this should happen as consequence of the development he expects. Since private property, according to his very well documented thesis, has become unimportant compared to the direct power of control of the management, even the technological society of the future which he envisages, can well afford to keep private property alive as a mere title. Anyhow, that is precisely what the "managerial" societies of the last ten years have done.

Even more important is the question whether the facts support Mr. Burnham's contention that "Hitler, Stalin or the New Deal are only fronts for the new economic rulers." To this reviewer, at least, it seems that the essence of the modern totalitarian government is that it uses economic power as an auxiliary to political power, and that it uses the managers as a "front" for the new political ruling class of a party bureaucracy. That this is not true of the New Deal in any respect seems to this reviewer sufficient reason to repudiate Mr. Burnham's identification of the New Deal with the totalitarian dictatorships.

The real attack against Mr. Burnham's position must, however, be made against his basic assumptions. Mr. Burnham considers his book to be a repudiation of Marxism in all its forms. Yet his basic assumptions are those of the Marxists, namely:

(1) that political power is always the tool of economic power:

(2) that political ideologies are always fabrications to cover the class distribution of economic power, and

(3) that social, political, and economic developments inescapably follow the trend of technological production.

James Burnham

For those who share these assumptions, Mr. Burnham's thesis is indeed irrefutable. And it should be realized that these assumptions are shared today not only by the professed Marxists but by a large body of economic, social, and political thinkers, including those of the extreme Right.

Yet if society is to continue free, it must be asserted that ideas are not economically determined, that they are not "myths" invented to cover economic power; and above all, it must be re-asserted that power must be legitimate and that legitimacy is not a function of economic reality but one of the basic beliefs of society. If Mr. Burnham thinks that the totalitarian power wielded by the managers will be "legitimate" simply because it mirrors the existing structure of industrial production, he denies all possibility of right or wrong in politics. But those who refuse to accept his conclusions should realize that they can only do so if they also refuse to accept his basic premise of the economic determination of political developments, and of the inescapability and inevitability of political and social developments.

The fact that it is impossible to discuss this book without also discussing the fundamentals of political and social beliefs, shows that it is an extraordinary book. All in all, it is one of the best recent books on political and social trends; it will probably become the Bible of the next generation of neo-Marxists.

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America's Ramparts

AMERICA AND TOTAL WAR. By Fletcher Pratt. New York: Smith & Durrell. 1941. 318 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by OSWALD GARRISON VILLARD

FLETCHER PRATT, the military critic of the *New York Post* and of *Time,* sets forth ably and efficiently the views of those who feel that from now on we must go "all out" in supplying England and also in defending Canada and every other place from which we could possibly be attacked—even to Uruguay and Brazil. This is a strange new doctrine for Americans who, until the rise of Hitler, never planned to defend more than their own soil plus Hawaii and Panama. Yet Mr. Pratt is by no means as militaristic as many, and he is never without the consciousness that overdevelopment of defence produces a militarism which will destroy the institutions we seek to preserve.

Thus, he disposes of the idea that it is possible to protect American cities from air-attacks by providing sufficient anti-aircraft guns. He explains that American cities cover more ground per unit of population than do the European and are built of such flimsy materials that attacks upon them similar to those being made upon English cities would destroy from half to two-thirds of their population. He points out that just to give to our northeastern industrial cities the same relative protection with which the British seek to defend London, "would run us into a figure of something like 120,000 guns and 4,200,000 men which, in the phrase of Euclid, is absurd." But more than that, he declares that if we *could* supply adequate anti-aircraft defence "it would plunge us into a peculiar and special kind of anti-aircraft militarism even to attempt it."

Mr. Pratt also refuses to yield to the panic which has beset some of our Cabinet officers over the possibility of an invasion of this country.

Thus, while Secretary Knox has told a Congressional committee that Hitler will invade the United States within "two or three months" if he defeats England, Mr. Pratt joins Senator Wheeler in declaring that "a single convoy carrying an army big enough to conquer the United States, to force upon us a peace in spite of an unbroken navy, is almost inconceivable. There are not merchant ships enough in the world to carry such an expedition and its supplies. If the supply-line stretches back it must be fought for." Mr. Pratt could have added that we were never able to come within 15,000 tons of landing on a single day in France in 1917-1918 the 40,000 tons of supplies and ammunition we were supposed to deliver each day and never landed a single cannon or fighting airplane. Even under the most favorable conditions of a free ocean and having two harbors never in danger of being bombed at our disposal, our army would have starved and could not have fought in full numbers in France had the Allies not supplied us with the equipment and supplies we lacked. Mr. Pratt well points out that the United States has "no means of pressing an attack against an Axis completely victorious in Europe. . . . Even our sea-power is incompetent against a monolithic Europe. It is doubtful whether we could maintain a blockade of the whole Continent, and if we could, doubtful whether it would be of any military import." Against such a Europe, he says, we can only sit still and wait for them to attack us and then fight a long, defensive war, aiming at exhaustion of resources.

But Mr. Pratt believes that war between the totalitarian governments and the United States is inevitable and so he favors the two-ocean navy, and the recently leased outlying bases, which, he thinks, place us in a strong defensive position. He is not for a four-million army because he believes that one of a million and a half will more than suffice. As to that army, he admirably depicts the essential difficulty of a democracy in training an army to fight totalitarians. He sees that the four-year plus period of training which the dictators demand of their individual pawns, cannot be given in a democracy and that it invariably produces robots, whereas the soldier of a free state always will be a "thinking bayonet" and therefore superior. This advantage the dictators try to offset by training their men so completely that they will have automatic reflexes and reactions when face to face with the multitude of sudden-battle situations calling for individual leadership and initiative. Mr. Pratt's wise thesis is that we cannot have "both our democracy, our way of life, and an army of the totalitarian type, with its infantry trained to handle any weapon by reflex action." What then, he asks, can we do?

Well, he rejects the dictator's plan of training warriors from childhood up. His plan is to train one in every eleven American men and to choose them if possible so carefully that they will all be of the "commissioned officer type" (which was what Germany did when restricted to a Reichswehr of 100,000 men by Versailles) and have them taught with the greatest care to use their brains. This means, he sees, the abandonment of the snappy salute (already considerably discarded) and of "squads right," and of tent-pegs all in line at inspection. It means a better training system for the officers and much closer relations between them and the men in the ranks. Mr. Pratt especially stresses that the day of sending men blindly forward "regardless of loss" must end. It is the individual cyclist, or parachutist, or tank-driver, or infantry-engineer who will decide battles as the Germans discovered and planned. He warns, however, that democracy is bound to disappear from the earth unless it can find means of unifying and coördinating its defense efforts to meet all the techniques of the totalitarians.

With that conclusion one does not have to agree, any more than with his belief that a war with Hitler is inevitable, in order to appreciate that Mr. Pratt has given a remarkable picture of the development of modern war. His description of the training and especially of the planning end of the German army is masterly—so clear and crisp that any layman can well understand it and will find it extremely interesting reading. It far surpasses anything else that I have seen on this subject. His restraint and lack of hysteria in dealing with the fifth column, and other new and alarming phases of the new techniques of breaking down internal resistance in the countries to be attacked, also merit praise. At only one point have I found that this Homer has nodded. It was not the "blunder of a junior staff member of the German service that led to defeat at the Marne through opening the gap between the armies of Von Kluck and Von Buelow." The gap was there when the blundering officer, Lieut-Col. Hentsch, arrived and gave the order to retire. Although he did not have even a scrap of paper to prove his authority, he was obeyed, by Von Kluck, despite bitter protests, because of the fact that he wore the General Staff uniform, and therefore had a power that has been remedied under Hitler. But Mr. Pratt's description of how the new German army has been trained and developed, deserves, I repeat, high praise and wide reading.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Drama Collection

SIR:—This is a plea on behalf of a unique but little-known collection of books, the Drama Collection of the 58th Street Branch Library in New York City. The Drama Collection now contains 9,000 volumes, in addition to thousands of useful clippings, magazines, pictures, and reference items, which are used regularly by actors, students, writers, designers, directors, and research workers. It includes 1539 full-length American plays, 1691 English plays, 1118 one-act plays, 659 foreign dramas, 928 plays in foreign languages. Books of criticism and/or the history and technique of the theatre number 1450; there are 611 biographies and 906 additional reference books. Play reviews on file run back as far as 1923 and additional files include pictures and biographies of stage people, settings, and costumes, and motion picture reviews.

During the past ten years the circulation of the Drama Collection has grown 150 per cent, but in the same ten years the city's appropriation has shrunk by 26 per cent. Now the library faces a situation in which it has difficulty replacing books that have been lost or worn out, or in buying enough of the new plays and books as they are published to maintain the high standard of comprehensiveness it has set.

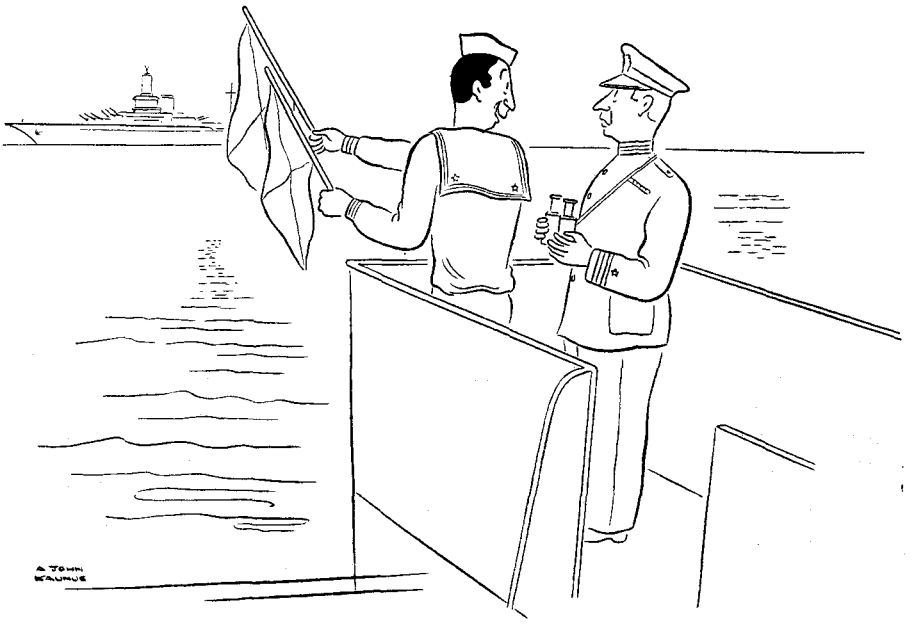
A number of people who have had occasion to make frequent use of the library for reference work of all kinds, have felt that they owe it a debt which they can only partially repay by making every effort to help and to enlist widespread support in its behalf. They include Barrett H. Clark, Mrs. Samuel Newton, John Mason Brown, Miss Rosamond Gilder, Blevins Davis, Philo Higley, Morgan Farley, Miss Margaret Anglin, Mrs. Anita Block, and others.

Their feeling is that at a time when public appropriations for such purposes are being reduced, the burden of maintaining the level of cultural and educational institutions must be taken up by the people most able to bear it and most nearly involved by profession as well as taste. Their plea is for gifts of money, however small, to be used for the purchase of books, and also for gifts in kind; published plays and books dealing with every aspect of the theatre, film, radio, etc.

In addition, we would urge those individuals fortunate enough to possess large collections of books of which they make regular use, and therefore cannot spare, to add a clause to their wills regarding such collections, making the 58th Street Branch of the New York Public Library the beneficiary. In this way extensive gifts would accrue to the library in due course of time.

PHILO HIGLEY,
ELEANOR FLEXNER.

131 West 82nd Street,
New York City.



"That's Svenson, all right. He always puts the 'i' before the 'e'."

"Coincidental Commentaries"

SIR:—The tribute of John Dryden to the people of London after the plague and fire of 1666 may well be recalled today. In his dedication of his poem "Annus Mirabilis" to "that City which has set a pattern to all others of true loyalty, invincible courage, and unshaken constancy," he says in part:

> Other cities have been praised for the same virtues, but I am much deceived if any have so dearly purchased their reputation: their fame has been won them by cheaper trials than an expensive though necessary war, a consuming pestilence, and a more consuming fire. To submit yourselves with that humility to the judgments of Heaven, and at the same time to raise your selves with that vigor above all human enemies; to be combatted at once from above and from below; to be struck down and to triumph: I know not whether such trials have been ever paralleled in any nation, the resolution and successes of them never can be.
>
> Never had prince or people more mutual reason to love each other, if suffering for each other can endear affection . . . you, who are to stand a wonder to all years and ages, and who have built yourselves an immortal monument on your own ruins.

ISABEL ST. JOHN BLISS.

Oxford, Ohio.

SIR:—I happened on this touching passage from a letter of T. E. Lawrence to Winston Churchill congratulating him on his "Marlborough." It was written on December 12, 1933 during the dreadful years that Churchill was locked out of the political arena by his foes, repeating the same experience of his famous ancestor.

No doubt Lawrence, with his uncanny faculty of prevision, sensed this and wrote these words to comfort and encourage his friend:

> How odd that Marlborough's strength should have grown while he was waiting and sleeping, shelved and inactive. This gives an idea of his bigness. I never realized that he attained his premier power without trying for it.*

AUSTIN STRONG.

116 East 56th Street.
New York.

*Page 782 in *The Letters of T. E. Lawrence.*

SIR:—Regarding Emerson's "answer" ["Waves of Chance," *SRL,* Jan. 11], to Anne Lindbergh, would not this from the essay on Montaigne, in "Representative Men" be even more apt?

> The lesson of life is practically to generalize; to believe what the years and the centuries say against the hours; to resist the usurpation of particulars. . . . We see, now, events forced on which seem to retard or retrograde the civility of age. *But the world-spirit is a good swimmer and storms and waves cannot drown him.* He snaps his fingers at laws.

And as for inspiring and patriotic poetry, why doesn't some one dig up Emerson's "Ode sung in the Town Hall, July 4, 1857" for a radio song?

NORA B. CUNNINGHAM.

Chanute, Kansas.

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The Miracle of England

THEIR FINEST HOUR. Edited by A. Michie and W. Graebner. New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. 1941. 226 *pp.* $2.50.

THIS IS LONDON. By Edward R. Murrow. New York: Simon Schuster. 1941. 237 *pp.* $2.

I SAW ENGLAND. By Ben Robertson. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1941. 213 *pp.* $2.

THEY'LL NEVER QUIT. By Harvey Klemmer. New York: Wilfred Funk. 1941. 321 *pp.* $2.50.

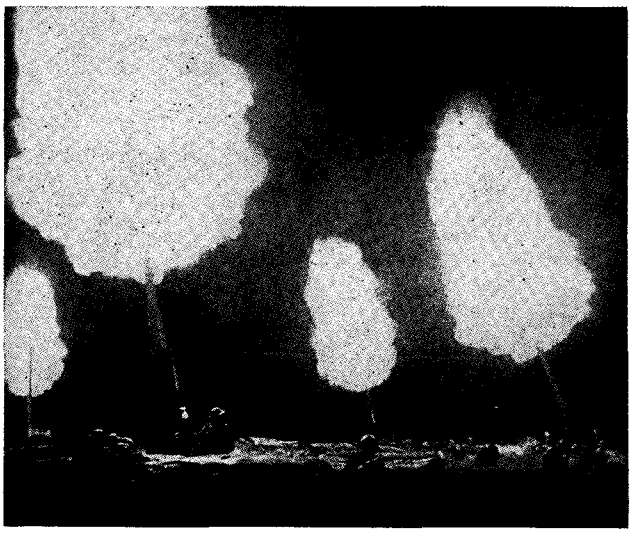
LONDON FRONT. By Tennyson Jesse & H. M. Harwood. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1941. 333 *pp., with index.* $2.50.

Reviewed by CECIL ROBERTS

THE first of these books is a collection of sixteen eye-witness narratives, each very well illustrated. They cover the whole field of activity around the British Isles and each is an example of direct reporting, that is, the participant tells his own story; the man who fought in the air over Dunkirk, the officer in the submarine *Sturgeon,* a Coventry doctor in the bombing etc. For those who like their material untouched, and not heightened through the eyes of a conscious word artist, this is a straight, wholly reliable, and extremely moving collection of stories of people living, in Churchill's phrase, "their finest hour." It is an adventure book that transcends all fiction.

The next three on the list are the work of correspondents, two professional, one amateur. I read them with particular interest to observe how the trade and technique of the war correspondent have altered. On December 1, 1918, I stood on the Hohenzollern Bridge at Cologne, one of six war correspondents lined up to take farewell of the Commander in Chief. When he had shaken us by the hand and dismissed us with a farewell speech, one of my colleagues, Philip Gibbs, turned to me and said, "Well, thank God, our profession is gone forever." History adds an ironical footnote. On my last day in England during the present war Gibbs buttonholed me to witness some papers in his hands. They were his new credentials for proceeding to France as a war correspondent. Throughout that writing period, up till Dunkirk, the correspondents could scarcely find anything to write about, and in most cases the microphone beat them. Gone were our old days when after a hard day at the front we motored back to chilly bedrooms, pounded out our dispatches, and hurried them into the hands of the dispatch riders waiting to take them to the nearest cable headquarters. Now, in some furnished box on the tenth floor of a skyscraper we heard "Edward Murrow speaking. Go ahead London," and London goes ahead, mixing microphone and bomb. Mr. Murrow's dispatches from the London front have not lacked excitement, and in the new manner of direct reporting he has set a high and hot standard. His book covers his talks from August 28, 1939 up to March, 1941 over C.B.S. He was in the House of Commons when Churchill made his famous speech after Dunkirk—"he spoke the language of Shakespeare," and from that moment on Mr. Murrow's task has been performed in the front trench. It is good, honest, direct work, and despite a determination to remain detached he finds himself carried into the role, at moments, of a glowing advocate of the English character.

Mr. Robertson, who went over to write articles for *PM,* ran all over the isles looking for trouble, which he found. He has no half lights, and the portrait of Brendan Bracken, Churchill's downright secretary, worrying over the right appointments in the Church of England is one that will fill B. B.'s friends with mirth. There is a delightful sketch of Sybil Colefax declaring "Our immediate problem is snoring" with reference to sleeping in night shelters. Mr. Robertson rushed from Dublin, which he found an enigma, to Coventry, where he found, despite appalling butchery of householders and houses, the Germans had failed to knock out a single factory. He heard an organist playing Handel in Milton's church, which had not a window left in it. "London at that moment was magnificent. Everywhere there were craters and ruins, but the city in this crisis had re-discovered itself; it was living as it had never lived. . . . You came out on the street at daybreak now with the feeling that you personally had been helping to save the world."



From "Their Finest Hour."
Landscape at night

Mr. Harvey Klemmer is the amateur correspondent, that is, he was in London at the American Embassy from 1938 until 1941. He was in four hundred bombings, he was machine-gunned by a Stuka. He wrote this book when he got back to U.S.A. If he had not, I doubt if the manuscript would ever have left England. Don't read it unless you have a strong stomach and, like its author, a taste for blood and gruesome details. Mr. Klemmer spares us nothing, not even the smells. It is a terrifying book. It must make God frightened of human beings, not for the horrors they perpetrate on each other but for the courage that sustains them. "These Englishmen are tough babies. Don't let anyone tell you otherwise." I can't follow his argument against reprisal bombing, and later in his books he contradicts his own counsel of perfection. Mr. Klemmer's very frank book is, as all these books, the work of one moved to passionate advocacy—"in fighting for their lives they are probably fighting for ours. I don't see why they have to have any objective . . . one side or the other has got to be vanquished. The stalemate which so intrigues Colonel Lindbergh would be the worst possible solution." He thinks the British will never quit, they will fight if need be around the world and back.

"London Front" consists of a series of letters written by F. Tennyson Jesse and her husband H. M. Harwood, to Alexander Woollcott, S. N. Behrman, and others. They are the work of practised and recognized literary artists. In the middle of bombing they discuss the drama, they discuss, in fact everything, with a side passion for crime. There is very little direct reporting except of a state of mind. The correspondence ends in July, 1940, so the tempo is mostly pre-Dunkirk. But the determination is already registered. "I say to you I would far rather be killed than that Germany triumphed over England or that her creed obtained here . . . there are no nations now, there are only two modes of thought; one is totalitarian, and the other is pleasantness, happiness, gaity, and decency."

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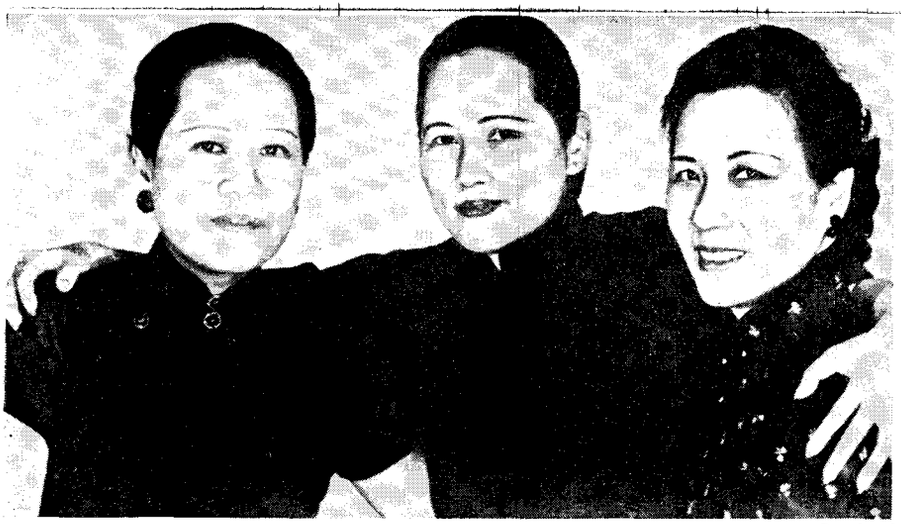

Bosshead

Madame Chiang Kai-shek, Madame Sun Yat-sen, Madame H. H. Kung.

Three Sisters and China

THE SOONG SISTERS. By Emily Hahn. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1941. 349 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by FLORENCE AYSCOUGH

HISTORY provides no parallel case to the career of the Soong Sisters, "the three greatest women in China." Under the T'ang Dynasty (A.D. 618—907) the three sisters of the lovely Yang Kuei-fei played a conspicuous part in the Empire. Their case, however, is the antithesis of this: whereas the flowers of Yang were subversive in their influence, the flowers of Soong are constructive in every phase. In the eighth century public opinion in China was outraged by the behavior of the Yang trio, in the twentieth century public opinion throughout the world acclaims the ladies of Soong.

Who has not heard of Madame Chiang Kai-shek, of Madame Sun Yat-sen, of Madame Kung? yet who knows many details in regard to their lives? Details that make the critical period in which they appear more vivid, more comprehensible.

Writing from behind the scenes Emily Hahn parts the curtains, reveals the stage, on which the three ladies stand, against the background of revolution and social change, and shows clearly that they are products not only of the East—land of their birth—but of the West—land of their upbringing.

Their father, Soong Yao-ju, served as an apprentice in the shop of his uncle in Boston, Mass., decided that shop-keeping was not to his taste, embarked on a "second-class side-wheeler" as stowaway, and came under the influence of the commander, Captain Jones, a pious, kindly man.

Young Soong longed for learning, he also became inculcated with the tenets of Christianity, and finally, with the aid of Capt. Jones, found a niche in Wilmington, N. C. under the tutelage of ardent workers in the Southern Methodist Church. He was soon baptized as "Charles Jones Soong," taking this name as a compliment to his sea-faring benefactor.

In 1886 "Charlie" Soong returned to China, became a minister of the Southern Methodist Church, and married a devout, very forceful, co-religionist, a Miss Nyi. Six children were born to the couple four of whom—the Three Sisters and T. V. Soong—became internationally known.

Eling, eldest child, wife of Dr. H. H. Kung (a descendant of Confucius) who has held various governmental posts, has not played so dramatic a role as have her sisters, but is a woman of force with the brain of a financier and has accomplished much in the way of organization during the last decade and more. Before her marriage she was secretary to her father's intimate friend, Dr. Sun Yat-sen, leader of the revolution, then in exile, as were the Soongs, in Japan.

Chingling, second daughter, who, although intensely emotional, is by nature shy and retiring, took her sister's place with Dr. Sun when Eling married. It was not long before the young girl married "her hero," then no longer young, and for the remaining years of his life she was his devoted companion.

Mayling, youngest daughter, forthright, energetic, brimming with love for her country, after being graduated from Wellesley College returned to a China where modern ideas were seething, and where she was to find great destiny as the wife of Chiang Kai-shek, leader of China in an epochal struggle.

Can it be that the remarkable fusion of currents from the civilizations of two hemispheres, as witnessed in the life of the Soong Sisters, is the harbinger of greater fusions between East and West to be experienced in the centuries to come?

World War II

BATTLE FOR THE WORLD: The Strategy and Diplomacy of the Second World War. By Max Werner. Translated by Heinz and Ruth Norden. New York: Modern Age Books. 1941. 403 *pp., with index.* $3.

Reviewed by HENRY B. KRANZ

AMONG the many books which have been and will be written about this war, Max Werner's "Battle for the World" will hold its important and peculiar place for several reasons. The author, though writing in German, is apparently not a German. This reviewer's conjecture is that he is a Czech. Furthermore, he looks over the experiences of the Second World War, the military and diplomatic preparations, and the developments up to the latest Balkan battles, with eyes that are extremely friendly to Soviet Russia. And he thinks that victory over the Third Reich can be won only on the European continent—with the help of Russia.

Never before perhaps has the story of the Second World War been written in such a unified and comprehensive way. Mr. Werner does not omit a single phase of the conflict: the Polish campaign, the Russo-Finnish war, the conquest of Norway and the Low Countries, the defeat of France, the war in the Atlantic, the Balkans, and Africa—all are covered. Hitler's strategic plans, the French and British war doctrines which failed so utterly, and Soviet Russia's enigmatic attitude are analyzed and intelligently explained. Mr. Werner concludes with a chapter on the decisions facing America. He points out that to the United States Britain has the same military significance that France had for Britain. The Anglo-Saxon powers, however, are hardly likely to achieve air superiority over the Third Reich before 1943.

Max Werner has a comprehensive knowledge of Russian magazines and newspapers which he quotes frequently. And based on these strategic theories his approach is sure and his perspective clear. "Among armies of equal value *blitzkrieg* not only is not inevitable, it is very improbable." To Mr. Werner (and Russian writers) Blitzkrieg is only the consequence of a discrepancy in forces and methods. The German army, therefore, can be beaten and will be beaten. In the long run a clash between Russia and Germany is certain. The political problem is whether such a rupture will take place while the Second World War is still going on.

Mr. Werner warns the Anglo-Saxon powers. The Soviet Union, he says,

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is not likely to forget or forgive a single threat or violation of its interests. And since a victorious Germany would isolate, encircle, and besiege America, and since Moscow respects highly the potentialities of America's war-economic efforts, the struggle will be won only on the European continent—if a continental strategy is employed against the Third Reich. The fate of Europe lies in the hands of the United States and Russia. "The entry of the Soviet Union would make a quick decision possible."

There are many more illuminating and vigorous disclosures in this highly informative book. Mr. Werner is convinced that control of the air waves is as necessary as control of the air, that it is easier to wage war against a political system than against a nation, that the age of old style national war is over, and that the final criterion of strength is the ability to take the offensive rather than the power to resist.

Such considerations lend a special topical importance to this at once authoritative and readable book even if too much weight seems to have been given to extreme opinions on Russia.

Pulitzer Prize Winner in Drama

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author of "Abe Lincoln in Illinois" (Pulitzer Prize Winner 1939); "Idiot's Delight" (Pulitzer Prize Winner 1936), etc.

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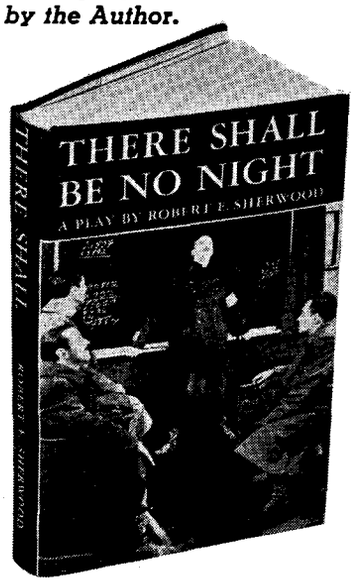

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Author, Author!

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW and *Katharine Cornell* have never signed formal contracts for the numerous revivals of Shaw plays produced by the actress-manager. They simply exchange cables agreeing on a production: each understands perfectly the wishes and requirements of the other. When Miss Cornell decided to do "The Doctor's Dilemma," now current on Broadway, Shaw made only one specific stipulation: that his royalties be deposited for him in dollars. . . . Relations between the dramatist and the actress have always been most cordial. Shaw once made the statement that Miss Cornell's was the best "Candida" ever played. Surprised, because she knew he had not seen her in the role, the acress asked why he thought so. Shaw came back with a characteristic reply: "Because you are the only woman who has ever made money on the play." . . . Katharine Cornell, by the way, plans to bring up to date her autobiography, "I Wanted To Be an Actress," originally published in 1939.

★ ★

Flora Cloman, whose autobiography, "I'd Live It Over," tells the story of her interesting life as the wife of an Army man and diplomat, belongs to the considerable line of authors who began their books in hospital beds. After two days in hospital Mrs. Cloman, who is 71, got restless; a niece induced her to begin writing her adventures. She wrote on a lapboard and soon found it great fun. Her only regret was that all her best anecdotes were going into the book and "What will I do now for stories? I can never use them again." When the book turned out to be too long and one story after another had to be cut, the 71-year-old author was delighted. "Isn't it wonderful! They've left out plenty of my favorite stories" (particularly snake stories, of which Mrs. Cloman is very fond). "Now I still have dinner table ammunition"—which must make her unique among authors. . . . Once very wealthy, Mrs. Cloman lost her fortune in the depression, but instead of bemoaning its loss she prefers to enjoy the memory of glamorous things of the past.

★ ★

Dalton Trumbo, whose novel "The Remarkable Andrew" was turned down for the movies, allegedly because of its isolationist sentiments, although the author himself is an important movie script writer, has just learned that the novel is being dramatized for Broadway by Peter Martin.

EUGENE ARMFIELD.

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Maughamette

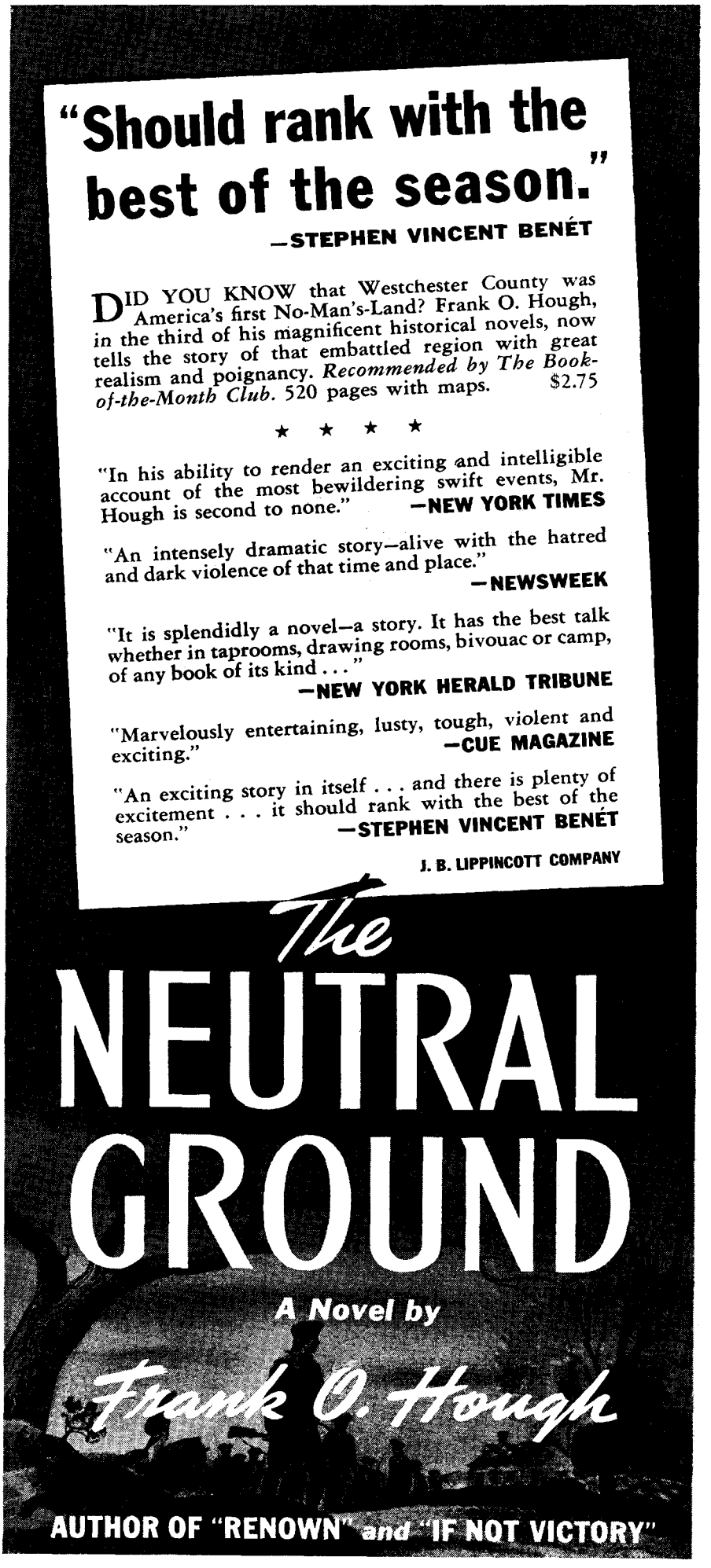
UP AT THE VILLA. By Somerset Maugham. New York: Doubleday, Doran & Co. 1941. 209 *pp.*, $1.75.

Reviewed by AMY LOVEMAN

MR. MAUGHAM remains the consummate craftsman. Here is a novel—or rather a novella, it is so brief—so compact, so economical, so closely motivated, so skillfully written, that it rivets attention from first page to last. Despite the fact that it is an intrinsically incredible story, it completely convinces so long as its spell is exerted. It is the tale of a beautiful young English widow, recovering serenity in a villa outside of Florence after the death of her husband has put an end to an unhappy marriage, and already sought out by other men. Security, wealth, and position are hers for the taking when, partly out of bravado, partly out of pity, partly under the sorcery of the romantic landscape and moonfilled night she yields herself to an impoverished Austrian exile, whom she has literally picked up on the roadside, only to have him commit suicide when he discovers that it is not love which has impelled her to give him his hour of happiness. Since it would be unfair to reveal the rest of the story, suffice it to say that the tale comes to a happy ending. Claptrap and romantic nonsense, but Mr. Maugham knows how to fill the night with witchery, to invest his melodramatic incident with excitement and emotion, his characters with personality, and to make every description and every speech count in the swift chronicle. It is supremely good story-telling.

ANSWERS TO LITERARY QUIZ

1. Romeo, in "Romeo and Juliet."
2. "David Copperfield."
3. "Candide."
4. Nanki-Poo, in "The Mikado."
5. "Tom Jones."
6. "Hugh Wynne, Free Quaker."
7. "Adam Bede."
8. Terence Mulvaney, in "The Courting of Dinah Shadd."
9. "Richard Carvel."
10. Dr. John H. Watson, in "The Sign of the Four."
11. "John Halifax, Gentleman."
12. Phileas Fogg, in "Around the World in Eighty Days."
13. "Arrowsmith."
14. "Enoch Arden."
15. Roger Mifflin, in "Parnassus on Wheels."
16. Peter Wimsey, in "Busman's Honeymoon."
17. "Anthony Adverse."
18. John Clayton, Lord Greystoke, in "The Return of Tarzan."
19. "Clayhanger."
20. Ashley Wilkes, in "GWTW."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The NEUTRAL GROUND
A Novel by
Frank O. Hough
AUTHOR OF "RENOWN" and "IF NOT VICTORY"

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In Middle America

CENTRAL AMERICA: Challenge and Opportunity. By Charles Morrow Wilson. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1941. 293 *pp.* $3.

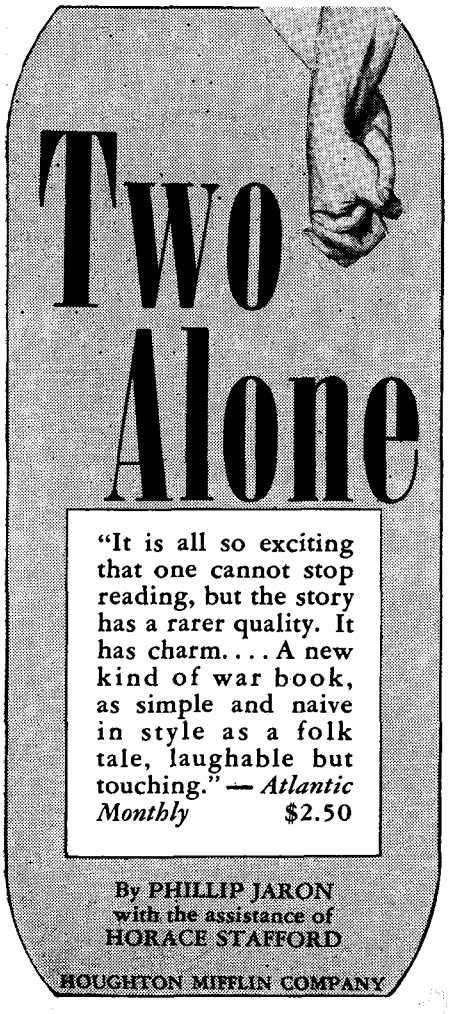
THERE are no tacks on Mr. Wilson's Central American highway of information. The reader rolls easily through a delightful panorama of ten Caribbean countries. The account is salted with plenty of valuable information, shrewd observation, and it is seasoned with real enthusiasm, sympathy, and understanding. Despite the easy, almost colloquial style, the prose glows, and it produced in me a quick homesickness for the sights and scenes and life of tropical America.

Mr. Wilson's book gives the general impression that Central America is just about paradise on earth, and within the limits he sets that is about true and he will undoubtedly send many new passengers from Yankeeland south to view the wonders. But there are also some deep festering spots in Central American life, and since this is also a book—the second half of it at any rate—of serious economic proposals, he owes his readers a serious consideration of the poverty, the economic and political abuses, the lack of civil liberties, the militarism and dictatorship that do exist in most of the countries. And we had thought that the three page panegyric he gives of President Ubico of Guatemala was the sort of thing that had gone out of style in books on Latin America. We are in essential agreement with what he says. Ubico is a remarkable statesman, and by and large must be numbered among the benevolent dictators, with many fine deeds to his credit. He belongs to the *Aufklärung*.

In the second half of the book, Mr. Wilson advances much the same program that I proposed in "Pan America," for the successful creation of sound economic, business, and trade ties with Central and South America; namely the organized development of non-competitive production, the purchase of needed strategic materials in Central America rather than in the Orient, Africa, and other remote places. This he gives as the true road of national security and for beating the post-war Nazi trade drive. But here again the author is obliged to dodge the problems involved. The job, of course, can be done. The Japanese have done it with cotton in Brazil; they are doing it little by little with tea. But there are plenty of headaches involved. Will it be done by private business or via American loans? Can it be done unless the American market is partly closed to industries elsewhere, which now enjoy an established position, with cheap Oriental and African labor? Will the southern countries insist upon controlling their own resources as they have been doing in late years? Would developed properties be confiscated, as were temporarily those of the United Fruit company in Colombia? Can stable exchange conditions be created? Our previous loan system, our previous methods of capital investment, the questions of labor policy, these and many more matters need to be explored.

The times have greatly changed since the pioneering work of Minor C. Keith and of Samuel Zemurray (who merits mention he does not receive in the book). The old-time methods no longer serve. What Mr. Wilson desires to happen will not just happen. It can occur only by a very comprehensive governmental program in connection with which must be explored the pros and cons of quotas, federal subsidies, and possibly for a time a protected market and price guarantee for the southern countries. These matters, Mr. Wilson sedulously avoids.

But you'll get more out of this book than almost any I know of that deals with the Caribbean region.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Southern Outposts

THE CARIBBEAN DANGER ZONE. By J. Fred Rippy. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons. 296 *pp., with index.* $3.

FOR the reader who wishes a convenient academic summary of the relations of the United States with the Caribbean area up until the time of the first World War, this is a useful volume.

Prof. Rippy brings in some new data from the Public Record Office of London, prior to 1885, and has carefully examined the State Department archives to the extent that they are available. Apparently, however, he found no whales in those lonesome seas.

What he does do, which may be considered of value to many, is to sandpaper his story down to the present world situation. He has re-edited his material to point it toward the high altar of armed defense. He has also made a valiant effort to give his book additional immediate interest by tacking on a chapter dealing with "The Good Neighbor Policy and the Totalitarian Threat." Unfortunately, except for a few sketchy notes, this leaves the important period from 1916 to 1932 largely a blank.

Even so Dr. Rippy's book is at an astronomical distance above the previous works in the field by Chester Lloyd Jones, with their complacency, carelessness, and official back-slapping.

The "Caribbean Danger Zone" also gives an account, not so readily accessible elsewhere, of the past-century efforts of the United States to control the Isthmus of Tehuantepec. Rippy does not apparently consult the voluminous Mexican material on the subject. This, in general, has been one of the major weaknesses of his previous work in the Latin American field. As in his present book, practically all the references have been to materials in English. His fetich is archive material and as a result he does not always sense living currents. Under the circumstances his impartiality is amazing and sometimes even painful.

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Viscount Cecil, of Chelwood

A GREAT EXPERIMENT. An Autobiography by Viscount Cecil. New York: Oxford University Press. 1941. 390 *pp., with index.* $3.50.

Reviewed by JAMES FREDERICK GREEN

THE name of Viscount Cecil of Chelwood, better known as Lord Robert Cecil, is more closely associated with the League of Nations than that of any other man. In 1916, Lord Cecil—then Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs—submitted to the Cabinet a memorandum entitled "Proposals for the Maintenance of Future Peace," adumbrating the collective security provisions of the League Covenant. At the Paris Peace Conference, Cecil collaborated with President Wilson in drafting the Covenant, which incorporated the three principles of his 1916 statement: revision of treaties, compulsory settlement of disputes, and military and economic sanctions. During the whole life of the League, until the outbreak of war in 1939, Lord Cecil served it devotedly and diligently, first as delegate to the Assembly from the Union of South Africa, later as chief British delegate, as Britain's representative at technical committees and disarmament conferences, and as leader of the British League of Nations Society. In 1937, while visiting the United States, he was awarded the Nobel Prize for his contributions to world peace. This militant peacemaker was not content to rest on his laurels, however, for in September 1940 he was busy—despite his seventy-six years—drafting a "Memorandum on World Settlement after the War," included in the appendix to this volume.

"A Great Experiment" is thus both an autobiography of a statesman and the history of an institution. In an all too brief introduction, Cecil tells of his childhood in London, his education at Eton and Oxford, and his early career at the Bar and in the House of Commons. Scion of one of England's oldest and most celebrated families and son of Lord Salisbury, three time Prime Minister in the late nineteenth century, Cecil knew and worked with the leading statesmen of his time. Although nominally a Conservative, he was always an independent in politics, frequently in disagreement with the government of the day. In February 1932, when this writer heard him address the World Disarmament Conference at Geneva as President of the Federation of League of Nations Societies, he was applauded by almost everyone in the auditorium except the British delegation. In 1935, Cecil organized the gigantic Peace Ballot, securing the votes of over 11,500,000 Britons, which was largely responsible for the Baldwin government's rapid shift to a pro-League position at the general election that year and for its support of economic sanctions against Italy.

It is perhaps unfair to suggest that this book contains too much League and too little Cecil, for that is the intention of its self-effacing author. Unlike many other envoys to Geneva, Lord Cecil—with his familiar stooped shoulders, thin, lined face and benign smile—was solely concerned with promoting the interests of the League. One wishes, however, that Cecil had given a fuller and franker description of men and events, and had revealed more of the conflict over policy in both Cabinet and Parliament during the twenty years between wars. With rare exceptions, including a characterization—made after spending several days at the White House—of Roosevelt as "a very great man," he is almost too gentlemanly in refraining from judgments on his contemporaries.

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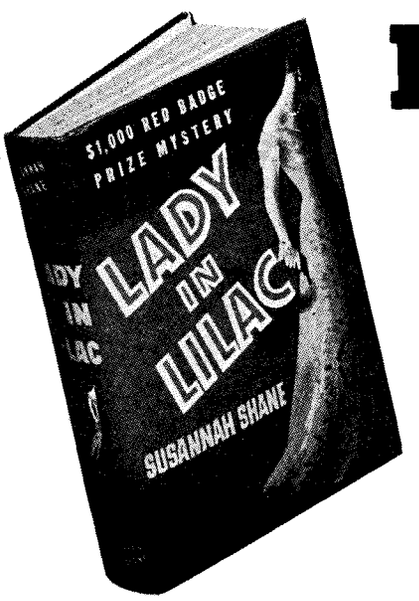

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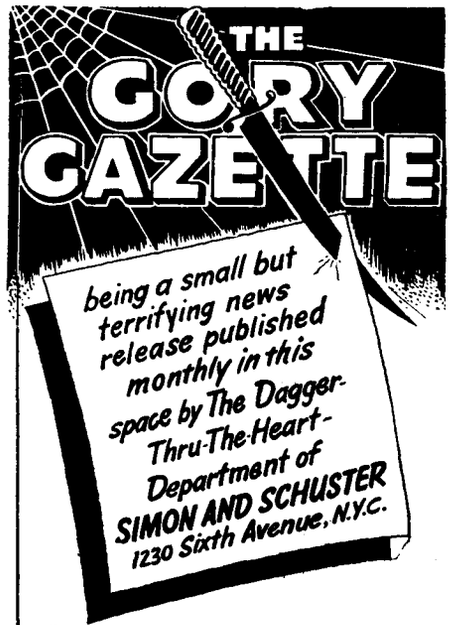
THE
GORY
GAZETTE
being a small but terrifying news release published monthly in this space by The Dagger-Thru-The-Heart-Department of
SIMON AND SCHUSTER
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The editors of *The Gory Gazette* and Inner Sanctum Mysteries went into a huddle about *The Trial of Vincent Doon* by Will Oursler. The editor of I.S.M. said, "Forget about *The Gory Gazette's* Policy. This is one time you *have* to lay it on the line. *The Trial of Vincent Doon is* completely different. It *is the* most exciting, the most baffling. Besides, the manner of presentation makes it a standout. Why don't you just say so?"

The editor of *The Gory Gazette* shook his head. "We are a newspaper. We report. We don't write advertising blurbs. Get us some facts and we'll report 'em."

And so The Dagger-thru-the-Heart Department got the facts. *The Gory Gazette* herewith prints them.

The Trial of Vincent Doon by Will Oursler is exactly what its title implies: the accurate record of a trial, including charts and photographs entered as People's Exhibits, and sketches of the witnesses who helped to try Vincent Doon before a jury of his peers.

The advance sale for it was the biggest in Inner Sanctum Mystery history; printings were 8,000 before publication. It was selected as Macy's Guilt-Edge Mystery for May.

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THE TRIAL OF VINCENT DOON
by Will Oursler ($2)

PERSPECTIVES AND ARCHAEOLOGY

(Continued from page 4)

protection of what he calls his rights, no longer knows the terms upon which his species inhabits this earth.

I daresay these are the signs of a civilization that is in its last throes. The soul is dead; the spiritual aspiration has found its expression, but has not survived it. And man, using the technique he has gained in the process to insulate himself against the fearful reality of the outer world, has lost even his knowledge of that reality. He lives in his citadel now, forgetful of the enemy, concerned only with his artificial domestic economy. For generations he has posted no sentinels beyond the walls.

When men conceive of themselves as soulless animals once more, yet have lost their knowledge of any limitations imposed from without on the free satisfaction of their appetites, chaos follows. The medieval unity was a unity of spirit and purpose, self-imposed and forged in the struggle of inspired men to lift themselves above the world of nature. Even in their warfare men agreed to certain rules in keeping with their dignity as creatures transfigured by the possession of souls. But where considerations of honor, faith or charity no longer limit men in their behavior, unity must be forced on them from above. For lack of a better arrangement, the almighty state arises to enslave men, rules are imposed by the strong on the weak; individualism, no longer founded on the dignity of the individual and bound by accepted rules, is condemned to perish by the sword. The human being who no longer conceives of himself in the image of his god, who has lost sight of the perfection he had set as his goal, is no longer worthy of freedom, nor capable of supporting the responsibility. The almighty state then attempts to plan society by the use of force, as one might attempt to give a dead body the semblance of life by moving its limbs in the motions that had once been spontaneous, free, and voluntary. Supreme force, at last, is all that remains to uphold the lifeless structure of civilization, and even that is turned inward in the scramble to loot what remains. The Roman legions could not preserve by the mere force of their arms the integrity of the empire they commanded. The great military empire of Mexico, which inherited the civilization of the Mayas, collapsed in ruins with the landing of a little force of Spaniards on its shores, even before a blow had been struck. The Inca empire, under a military dictatorship, disintegrated and vanished like dust in the wind upon the capture of its chief by a band of European adventurers.

Something happened indeed to bring about the fall of these vast civilizations. What happened was simply that men lost the struggle to possess their souls. The wilderness, waiting eternally on the outskirts of human achieve-

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, and Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
MURDER IN MINK *Robert George Dean* (Scribner's: $2.)	Lingerie shop sells to erring husbands, bills at blackmail prices. Tony Hunter investigates; and floozie swaps mink coat for wooden box.	Occasional un-draped dame OK in mysteries; but strip-tease is burlesque's asset. Denouement, dialogue à la Mr. Bones.	Passable
IF THIS BE MURDER *Ruth Darby* (Crime Club: $2.)	Apprehensive wife summons American sleuths to Mexican hacienda, but fails to prevent murder of husband and other crimes.	Sprightly people, snappy dialogue, rich background, and plot that is pretty well doped out.	Gets by
THE TWENTY ONE CLUES *J. J. Connington* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Ostensible "suicide pact" of English cleric and parishioner's wife stump local detective, who very properly calls in Sir Clinton Driffield.	Methodical and painstaking investigation of ingeniously-planned crime should please those who care more for deduction than action.	Well thought-out
A TOAST TO TOMORROW *Manning Coles* (Crime Club: $2.)	British spy loses memory and turns up decade later as high Nazi police official. He makes up for lost time.	Bit too episodic to equal its excellent companion, "Drink to Yesterday," but thrilling enough to please most readers.	Recommended

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ment, returned to triumph over human failure.

Ultimately, it is the individual who creates a civilization, and it is the individual who must save a civilization if it is to be saved at all. The seed germinates and the plant grows in each one of us by our own inner light. Men must look inward for their own greatness, not outward upon the booty that may be had from this earth. For, whatever eclipses the soul may suffer in the degenerate phases of human history, it is nevertheless immortal. It is still there, and it needs no straining of faith to find it. Our own individual aspirations proclaim it. Economic men, pursuing material ends, motivated solely by greed, did not raise the temples of Tikal, nor compose the symphonies of Beethoven, nor achieve in their personal lives the occasional approximation to that ideal life which they envisioned as a possible perfection. We, as individuals, are essentially no different from the men who created civilization. It is simply that we have lost touch with the reality of the outer world in which we live and of the inner life that gives us our distinction.

We may be sure that no technical adroitness, no mechanical makeshift, will save our disordered civilization from the ruin that overtook its predecessors. Only by rediscovering in ourselves as individuals the essential dignity of man shall we find the key to our salvation and once more establish our unique greatness in the world of nature.

Mr. Halle, who has just left for army service under the Selective Service Act, prepared this article from material incorporated in his forthcoming book, "River of Ruins," to be published by Henry Holt and Co.

PULITZER PRIZES OF 1941

(Continued from page 6)

orites throughout. In fiction, the lack of any winner at all, while certainly a surprise in itself, is somewhat less so when viewed against the special considerations which apparently have ruled against the two popular favorites—Hemingway and Roberts. That no Pulitzer Prize should crown the career of as fresh and energetic and dynamic a voice in American literature as that belonging to the late Thomas Wolfe seems a cause for genuine regret.

Only in two previous years has the fiction category gone without awards, and those, interestingly enough, were for 1916 and 1919—years also dominated by the war or its immediate aftermath. Judging from the present list, an interesting study might be made of the relation of literature to war; for this is the first time since the last war that any category has been passed by; not only fiction, but history (in 1919), and drama (in 1917 and 1919) have been omitted.

It would indeed be stretching a point to suggest, as we did in these columns last year, that the selections are certain to be greeted with widespread approval and gratification. Last year, John Steinbeck, Carl Sandburg, and Mark Van Doren—each of whom had been heavily favored—were represented on the list. This year the situ-

The Singing Widow

"The Singing Widow" is as ably written, ably plotted and ably told a mystery novel (and it *is* a novel, as well as a mystery) as I have read in a long time. Some of the D. Sayers' customers would do well to look to V. P. Johns.
—*John W. Vandercook*

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author of two Book-of-the-Month Club selections

➡"Top drawer . . . sets the hair on end . . . best thriller bet of young year."—*Saturday Review*

➡"Fiendishly conceived and cleverly executed . . . Yow!"—*Jack Ketch, N. Y. Herald Tribune*

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BY MIGNON EBERHART

➡"A thriller that thrills . . . not a moment's relaxation."—*Chicago News*

➡"Hearty applause . . . One of the best of the author's tales."—N. Y. *Times Book Review*

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BY HELEN REILLY

➡"It's a grade A offering . . . Inspector McKee's performance is surefire and full of brilliant strokes."—*Will Cuppy*

➡"Guaranteed to make any reader sit up and take notice."—N. Y. *Times Book Review*

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ation in regard to critical reception of the award seems more likely to revert to normal—if by normal we mean the long stretch of years in which announcements of the Pulitzer selections were greeted with a conspicuous lack of enthusiasm on the part of many critics and readers.

Even so, each individual selection—considered separately—can muster a good case for itself.

Robert Sherwood in drama is a choice which will be met by few dissenting opinions. Unlike most plays, the published form retains a large degree of its effectiveness. The story itself is one which should be seen, told, and read many times over in days such as these when people seem attracted by strange waves and steamrollers. In poetry, too, the name of Leonard Bacon, one of our most skilled and erudite essayists and poets, will be welcomed to the list. And in history, Marcus Lee Hansen's "The Atlantic Migration" is certain to be hailed by scholars as proper recognition for a deserving book.

As a unit, however, it may be argued that the present list, especially in view of its eminent omission, lacks the full, rich glow of special distinction. On the other hand, it must be admitted that 1940 was something less than a glowing year in American literature.

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Books in Brief

FOREVER YOUNG. *Zöe Akins. Scribners'.* $2.50. This is the story of a young and naively innocent girl's first approach to the bewildering world of adult emotion and her first glimpse of sin. The setting is a strict girls' school where a romance between a beautiful teacher and an artist deepens into drama under the impact of an evil young woman. It is written with insight and charm.

SMOKE EATER. *Howard M. Brier. Random House.* $2. A good example of stimulating fiction for adolescent youth, and men who are still young. Mr. Brier knows fire-fighting down to the last yard of hose. The adventures of his fire-eating hero in the pursuit of arsonists and in the midst of terrific conflagrations makes stimulating reading.

NO TRUCE WITH TIME. *Alec Waugh. Farrar & Rinehart.* $2.50. The novel dealing only with love is becoming a rarity, perhaps because it has become difficult to say anything new about it. Mr. Waugh's model is familiar enough: West Indian Island; English wife married to asthmatic Colonel; passionate love for young, wealthy Englishman, murder of husband; suicide. This is love in the pathological sense, when it becomes a neurosis, and it has a kind of horrid fascination. It is unfortunate that Mr. Waugh did not make his heroine more sympathetic to the reader, because he writes vividly and with insight into the darker emotions.

THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES. *James M. Beck.* $2.50. This admirable book on the genesis, the philosophical origins, and the creation of our Constitution has been revised and given new material by one of our greatest students of American history, James Truslow Adams. With his additional chapter on its development from 1916 to date, it makes this volume the most valuable short book on the subject for the student or casual reader.

MAN'S FIRST MILLION YEARS. *Jannette M. Lucas. Harcourt, Brace.* $2. Designed for popular consumption, this is a brief, competent book on what science has discovered about man's first million years. The author writes of the finding of the shattered skulls and skeletons of our earliest ancestors, from Java to Asia and Europe. Before "historic time," forty thousand years ago, they had conquered the earth. This story of the indefatigable research of sciencists into the past of our determined ancestors is worth your attention.

WILLIAM WALTER. *Bentz Plagemann. Greystone Press.* $2.50. Mr. Plagemann's biographical novel reveals a man who never understood what life was about. He made everyone who came near him wretched, even the friend who wrote his life story. While the author has a sympathetic insight into a tortured and lost soul, he is unable to convince the reader that William Walter was worth writing a book about, or that a man who could so deeply misunderstand other human beings could be capable of writing novels of profound literary significance.

NOVEMBER ROWEN. *Cornelius Weygandt. Appleton-Century.* $3.50. For several decades Mr. Weygandt has been illuminating the daily life, habits, and thoughts of our sturdy ancestors in Pennsylvania, where he lives, and New Hampshire where he has summered for thirty years. His latest book is subtitled, "An Early Harvest from the Hills of New Hampshire." In it he dispels the myth that the puritans who built their white and red houses among New Hampshire's ancient hills were a gloomy, psalm-singing, blue-nosed folk. There are scores of stories and warmly told accounts of northern New England lives and customs that should endear this book to city dwellers. Well illustrated.

TORY OATH. *Tim Pidgen. Doubleday, Doran & Co.* $2. Mr. Kenneth Roberts seems to have set the fashion for Tory heroes of the American Revolution. The author of "Tory Oath," a robust tale of the 1770's has also discovered a new background for his tale, the tidewater country of North Carolina. Here the families of hundreds of Scotchmen in kilts and sporrans, and with a savage claymore hung over a crude fireplace, had settled. Here came, during the course of the novel, Flora Macdonald, romantic girl friend of Bonny Prince Charlie, who became a kind of rustic queen to these exiles. The rest of the book follows the usual pattern of stirring adventure, a dash of unrequited love, and all happily ending in the last chapter. A good example of escape literature for anyone who wants to forget the present war for an older one.

H. S.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 371)

CARL SCHURZ:
LIFE OF HENRY CLAY

Almost everything he said or did was illumined by a grand conception of the destinies of his country. . . . Ringing through his words was a . . . zealous appeal in behalf of the honor and the future greatness and glory of the Republic.

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TRADE WINDS

Voter	Fiction	Biography	Poetry	History
G. D.	Sapphira and the Slave Girl	Ambassador Dodd's Diary	Collected Poems: Kenneth Fearing	New England: Indian Summer
T. P.	Native Son	No vote	Song in the Meadow	AP: The Story of News
G. K.	Native Son	As I Remember Him	Song in the Meadow	AP: The Story of News
L. G.	Native Son	If You Don't Weaken	The Face Is Familiar	The Taxation of Railroads in New Jersey
I. A.	Sapphira and the Slave Girl	Ambassador Dodd's Diary	Collected Poems: Robinson Jeffers	Play's of America's Growth
V. J.	Sapphira and the Slave Girl	As I Remember Him	Death at Sea	New England: Indian Summer
J. N.	For Whom the Bell Tolls	As I Remember Him	With Wings As Eagles	AP: The Story of News
R. S.	For Whom the Bell Tolls	Ambassador Dodd's Diary	Death at Sea	Audubon's America
A. B.	You Can't Go Home Again	I Rode with Stonewall	Death at Sea	Song in the Meadow

WITHIN a few hours, as we write these notes, official announcement will be made of this year's Pulitzer Prize winners. Due notice of the winners will be found elsewhere in these pages. We list above the personal favorites of members of the *SRL* staff, exclusive of the editorial board. This list, of course, was compiled before the awards were announced. We record these choices each year not only because they may be of interest to readers of this column, but because they help make a couple of paragraphs.

★ ★

☞Book reviews were given as leading reason for book purchases by more than half of all buyers, according to the results of a "poll" of 10,000 postcards inserted in three fall books published by Wilfred Funk, Inc. Responses showed that 57 per cent of the readers answering the questionnaire bought their book as the result of a review; 23 per cent as the result of a friend's recommendation; and 20 per cent through advertising.

★ ★

☞With the focal point of the war at present in and around Africa, James Savon Childer's "Mumbo Jumbo, Esquire," coming out on May 23, is especially timely. The book deals with the whole of Africa and its people, contrasting the modern and the primitive aspects of the continent. In gathering material for the book, Mr. Childers journeyed all over Africa. He entered at the southernmost tip and traveled northward to Cairo. Then he crossed North Africa, leaving the continent at Tangiers, in the northwest corner.

★ ★

☞Another book we're looking forward to reading is Eleanor Early's "An Island Patchwork," which Houghton-Mifflin are selling to bookstores May 13. Casually glancing through the pages, we came across a recipe for doughnuts that must be the sort grandmother must have made, and, which, probably helped her to win the man that eventually became grandfather. In the days of "An Island Patchwork," around the very early 1800's, they called them "Wonders." This is Miss Early's recipe:

You begin with nine tablespoons of sugar. Add six eggs, *slightly* beaten. Dissolve *one* teaspoon of baking soda in six teaspoons of boiling water, and add. Mix well, and stir in enough sifted flour to make a dough of proper stiffness. Five cups is usually about right. The old recipes call for grated nutmeg, but a biggish tablespoon of the powdered kind will do. They do not mention salt, but add a good teaspoon—and maybe a dash of vanilla.

Flour the board well, and pat out a couple of spoonfuls at a time, about a quarter of an inch thick. Cut with a floured knife into convenient shapes and sizes. Score with a jagger-wheel, lengthwise and cross-wise. Then fry in deep hot fat. This will make about thirty wonders, all *much* better than doughtnuts.

Wonders are doughtnuts. Only they haven't any hole, and you need a jagger-wheel to make them properly.

A jagger-wheel is a gadget with a revolving wheel, frilled on the edge. Whalers made them from the tooth of a sperm whale, and old men whittled them out of wood. They were used for scoring wonders, and for frilling the edge of pie crust.

★ ★

☞Note: The price for Frank O. Hough's "Neutral Ground" is $2.75 instead of $2.50 as listed in the issue of May 5.

"Join the Shearing cult and

meet one of the most malevolent females in song or story."

—WILL CUPPY, *N Y Herald Tribune Books*

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Laura Sarelle

By Joseph Shearing

Author of *Aunt Beardie*, etc.

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PERSONALS

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NEW ENGLAND maiden, college graduate, would swap letters with educated Yankees. Box 389-E.

You are one of THE BEAUTIFUL PEOPLE. Meet the others at the Lyceum Theatre, West 45th Street, Evenings 55c to $3.30. Matinees, Wednesdays and Saturdays, 55c to $2.20.

REMEDIAL READING, "Caverly Hill," New Hampshire farm on Lake Winnipesaukee offers well-organized summer of Remedial Reading, swimming, farm activities, creative interests to children under 13. $300, 8 weeks. Box 385-E.

FRENCH GIRL—College upperclassman wants interesting summer job. Fluent French, German . . . Can type, drive car, teach piano . . . Take care of children. Box 393-E.

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TO GEORGE APLEY'S SUCCESSOR: Home town neighbor would like to know your whereabouts. Box 387-E.

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PERSONALS

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WILL THE READER who several weeks ago suggested a quiz on swimmers for Your Literary I.Q. please write again? I have misplaced his card. Howard Collins.

ORIGINAL of Boswell's Journal for sale. Bertha Jones, 224 Northmoor Place, Columbus, Ohio.

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PERSONALS

DECORATIVE YOUNG WOMAN, informed, travelled, diffidently invites Jewish man, preferably one doing editorial or publicity work for publisher to write Box 396-E.

TIME STANDS STILL at Lull's Brook Inn, small, old-style, country inn, near Hartland-4-Corners, Vermont. Sixteen dollars weekly. Maple syrup: $3 gallon, postpaid. Gouverneur Ogden, farmer-host.

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WANTED—Ackerman's Prints of Cambridge (1815). Opportunity for inspection desirable. IASP.

Double-Crostics: No. 372

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

	1 - H	2 - F		3 - R	4 - N	5 - A	6 - I	7 - U	8 - X		9 - N	10 - Q	11 - O	12 - L		13 - T
14 - O	15 - N	16 - M	17 - W		18 - I	19 - P	20 - J	21 - Q		22 - R	23 - N	24 - Q	25 - T	26 - U	27 - J	
28 - T	29 - L	30 - H	31 - N	32 - K	33 - G	34 - U		35 - K	36 - E		37 - M	38 - P	39 - H	40 - E	41 - B	
42 - D	43 - F		44 - P	45 - K	46 - H	47 - U	48 - E	49 - N		50 - M	51 - N	52 - X	53 - C	54 - P	55 - O	56 - I
57 - V	58 - D	59 - S	60 - G	61 - E		62 - O	63 - L		64 - M	65 - W	66 - L	67 - S	68 - D		69 - A	70 - D
	71 - A	72 - M	73 - I	74 - N	75 - W		76 - B	77 - F		78 - C	79 - O	80 - J		81 - U	82 - P	83 - F
84 - X	85 - A		86 - E	87 - B	88 - C	89 - Q	90 - G		91 - E	92 - O		93 - G	94 - T	95 - W	96 - K	97 - L
	98 - C	99 - E		100 - D	101 - V	102 - T	103 - M		104 - C	105 - A	106 - B	107 - I	108 - G		109 - H	110 - C
111 - V	112 - S	113 - Q	114 - E		115 - P	116 - D	117 - H	118 - B		119 - O	120 - C	121 - D	122 - W		123 - P	124 - R
125 - B	126 - W	127 - H		128 - O	129 - G	130 - F		131 - S	132 - I	133 - G	134 - M	135 - C		136 - E	137 - O	
138 - O		139 - A	140 - G	141 - R	142 - V	143 - H	144 - I		145 - O	146 - G		147 - H	148 - L	149 - W	150 - T	
151 - Q	152 - S	153 - L		154 - C	155 - N	156 - J	157 - D		158 - X	159 - S	160 - L		161 - Q	162 - L		163 - D
164 - Q	165 - W		166 - R	167 - N	168 - M	169 - J	170 - X	171 - F	172 - H	173 - D	174 - I		175 - T	176 - V	177 - F	178 - R

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-four words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. The key letters in the squares are for convenience, indicating to which word in the definitions each letter in the diagram belongs. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Authority for spelling and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary ***(1938 edition).***

The solution of last week's *Double Crostic* will be found on page 20 of this issue.

DEFINITIONS

A. Like a venomous snake.

B. Attended by tremor.

C. Tempered, ameliorated.

D. Thicken through evaporation.

E. Not intellectual (comp.)

F. Presses close with the nose (dial.)

G. Encircled.

H. Seat of Pope's villa and Horace Walpole's "Gothic castle."

I. Their Empire was overthrown in 12th Century B.C. by Syrians.

J. First name of actress of the Drew family.

K. She turned some rustics into frogs (Gr.)

L. Beyond control (comp.)

M. Friable.

N. American novelist, poet (1827-1916).

O. Accomplish without penalty (slang expression).

P. Enriched with gift or talent.

Q. Winked.

R. Esculent.

S. Final or deciding (in some states applied to a second primary).

T. Sidewise.

U. Affectionate diminutive for our 26th President.

V. Applied to the moss carrageen (used in cooking and pharmacy).

W. Most unlike.

X. Translator Shakespeare used for his historical plays.

WORDS

105	5	71	69	139	85					
76	41	87	125	106	118					
104	88	98	120	154	110	78	53	135		
163	70	173	100	42	157	68	116	121	58	
114	36	86	136	40	99	91	48	61		
43	83	130	177	171	2	77				
146	129	108	140	90	33	133	60	93		
117	1	143	109	147	172	46	127	39	30	
18	73	144	6	132	56	107	174			
156	169	27	80	20						
32	96	35	45							
162	29	153	63	160	12	66	148	97		
50	16	168	64	37	134	72	103			
51	49	155	9	31	23	4	74	15	167	
55	92	11	138	119	128	137	145	14	62	79
38	54	115	82	44	19	123				
151	10	89	161	113	164	24	21			
178	166	141	22	3	124					
67	112	59	152	159	131					
25	13	28	150	94	175	102				
26	7	34	47	81						
176	142	101	111	57						
149	17	122	65	95	75	165	126			
8	158	52	84	170						

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